



A true Character of sundry Trades and Callings.

Or, A new Ditty of Innocent Mirth.

NOW Gentlemen sit you merry,
 I'll sing you a song of a want,
 I'll make you as merry as may be,
 My Money begins to grow scant.
 A woman without e'er a tongue,
 She never can scold very loud;
 It is just such another sad want,
 When a Fidler wants his crowd,
 A ship that's without e'er a sail,
 May be driven the Lord knows whither.
 'Tis just such another sad want,
 When a Shoemaker wants his leather.
 A Man that has got but one leg,
 Will make but a pitiful Runner.
 And he that has ne'er an Eye in his Head,
 Will make but a sorrowful Gunner.
 A doctor without any stomach
 Will make but a sorrowful dinner.
 And he that has no victuals to eat,
 Will quickly look thinner and thinner.
 A Bell without e'er a clapper,
 Will make but a pitiful sound.
 And he that has no Land of his own,
 Must work on another Man's Ground.
 A Blacksmith without any Bellows,
 He need not to rise very soon.
 An he that's no cloaths to put on,
 May lie in Bed till it's noon,
 An Inn-keeper without any Custom
 Will never get store of pelf;
 And he that's no Sign to hang up,
 May e'en go hang up himself.
 A Miller without any Stones,
 He has but a sorrowful soul.
 And if he has no Corn to grind,
 He need not stand taking of toll.
 The Taylor we know is loth
 To take any cabbage at all,
 If he has no silk, stuff or cloth
 To do that good office withal.
 A woman without e'er a fault
 She like a bright Star doth appear.
 And a brewer without any Malt,
 Will make but pitiful Beer.
 A Man that has got but one Shirt,
 Whene'er it is wash'd to his hide,
 I hope it is no great hurt,
 To lie in bed till it is dry'd.
 A Mountebank without his Fools,
 And a Skip-kennel out of place,
 A Tinker without any tools,
 Are all in a sorrowful case.
 You know a Dish of good Meat
 Is the staff of Man's life;
 But he that's no victuals to eat,
 He needs not to draw out his knife.
 A Pedlar without any Pack,
 It makes him look pitiful blew.
 A Shepherd without e'er a Flock,
 Has little or nothing to do.
 A Farmer without any Corn,
 He neither can give, sell, or lend.
 A Huntsman without e'er a Horn,
 His wife must be his best friend.
 A Ploughman that has ne'er a Plough,
 I think must lie at ease.
 A Dairy without e'er a Cow,
 Will make but bad Butter and Cheese,
 A Man that is pitiful poor
 Has little or nothing to lose.
 And he that has never a Foot,
 It saves him the buying of Shoes.
 A Warren without e'er a Coney
 Is barren, and so much the worse,
 And he that is quite out of Money
 Can have no great need of a purse.
 I hope there are none in this Place
 That now are displeas'd with my Song.
 Come buy up my Ballads apace,
 I'll pack up my Awh and be gone.